

ilcmc 10

II

cmc 10

MOSES
A
STUDY

Ye men of lofty eyes, whose thought,
 Betwixt you & the skies, dreams night,
 Done till the angels food to claim
 With you, in honour, equal name -
 Take heed! You little ones who grow
 About your feet, - who scarce yet know
 Right hand from left, - these, before me
 Hold higher name & state than ye!
 Ah, tho' ye labour for my sake,
 And seek me painfully! I ~~do~~ take
 Ye heed how one of these ye scorn
 Or lightly deem of: - as I warn!

il p2 cmc10
I sat by my young son's bed
I sat at the feet of my boy,
Much pondering the high-born air he wore
As of native claim on joy.

Sure not of his father or me
Was he made thus free of the earth;—
Ah, could we walk free! but life is stern—
Knows he some loftier birth?
Great is the mystery;— yea—
How little, O babe, are thou mine!
A halo surrounds and divides thee,
Living Words about thee shine!

All faith and hid knowledge, thine
My little one, how can it be?
When singest thou those perfect praises—
The Father, O where dost see?—
Thy Guardian ever waiteth
On the Face of our God for light:—
O how high, little son, thy estate!
Thy Mother, how far in the night!

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Life & Letters of the Rev. J. W. Robertson

The publication of Mr. Robertson's letters is considered to be of great importance. They are full of tender human thought, of subtle & delicate feeling, and of much tried & suggestive experience. They possess also, in common with his sermons, a peculiar literary interest. This interest lies not so much in the originality of their ideas as in the mode in wh. these ideas are represented. The choice of words in them is remarkable. There is sometimes a happy indefiniteness which belongs to & wh. suggests the infinite nature of the things discussed. A spirit pervades them which influences unconsciously their reader, & renders him receptive of their truths, by inducing in him a tender tone of heart. Even Robertson's slight sketches of an idea, traced sometimes in a single sentence, contain the materials for a finished composition. If he is not a creator, he is eminently a lucid interpreter of thought. It is in this power of apt, logical, & striking expression that the chief literary interest of his writings consists.

"It is not a question of creeds so much as of temperament." Extracts from Preface.

All great truths consist of two opposites
which are not contradictory. All is free-
that is false; all is fated - that is false.
All things are free & fated. That is true.
P. 114.

Take care that the mind does not become
too fastidious & refined. It is not a
blessing but a hindrance in the work of life.

Early rising is to commence the day
with an act of self-denial, which, as it
were, gives the mind a tone for the whole
day. It redeems time for early prayer,
thereby dedicating the first warm aspiration
to God, before the dull & deadening & earth-
ward influences of the world have had
time to impair the freshness of early
feeling. It gives calmness to the day.
Late rising is the prelude to a day in
which everything seems to go wrong.
P. 100.

Resolves. - To try to learn to be thoroughly
poor in spirit, and to be ready to be silent
when others speak.

To learn from everyone.

To speak less of self, and to think less.

To aim at more concentration of thought.

To try to overcome castle-building.

To try to
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Hearts are
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11 p 5 em 10
No try to fix my thoughts on prayer without
distraction.

No watch over a growing habit of uncharit-
able judgment. P. 107.

"My friendship of the years of marriage
he defines as not mere intimacy, but
as exclusive personal regard, mingled
with reciprocity of feeling; as founded
on the communion of like with like,
or of unlike with unlike."

"Hearts are linked to hearts by God. The
friend on whose fidelity you count,
whose success in life flushes your
cheek with honest satisfaction, whose
triumphant career you have lived & read
with a heart throbbing almost as if it
were a thing alive, for whose honour you
would answer as for your own; that
friend given to you by circumstances
over which you had no control was
God's own gift. P. 105."

A soul with folded powers
 Like covering close: the hours
 Hang heavy on the wing
 As birds of night, nor sing
 For joy, nor soar in hope,
 Nor ask for any scope!

Since yesterday, how long!—
 As a forgotten song
 Familiar in old days
 But 'long ago' doth raise,
 And yet give us no part—
 In the old stir of heart—

So far seems yesterday!
 So wholly passed away!
 Ah, thought: then, to and fro
 Went hurrying: too slow
 The swift event to meet
 Desires more hasty feet;

A soul with folded powers
Lids covering close: the hours
Hang heavy on the wing
As birds of night, nor sing
For joy, nor soar in hope,
Nor ask for any scope!

Since yesterday, how long!—
As a forgotten song
Familiar in old days,
Lost—'long ago' shall raise,
And yet—bring back no part—
In the old stir of heart—
'Tis then that is yesterday!
So wholly passed away!

Ah then, how full was life—
With what fair purpose ripe!
Now, hurrying to and fro,
Gent-busy thought; so slow
The swift event to meet—
Desire's impatient feet;
And life, all promise, lay
Indecorous: careful prey;
And friends, a fractions cloud
Of witnesses, and

Spake hopes that secret stirr'd
 The eyes soul that heard! —

O how one little cloud
 A whole bright heaven may cloud!
 How one unkindly smart—
 Shall desolate the heart:
 Life's promises hollow found,
 How shifts the solid ground
 Beneath despairing feet!
 What place is there meet,
 When self stands proved & fall'n,
 Of love and promise shorn!

The Kingdoms, ah, the Kingdoms!
 The glory of the Kingdoms!
 A crying voice shall soothe,
 Soft-promises shall smooth
 Bride's ruffled crest: And lo!
 For every brightness fled,
 Some fairer glory shed!
 The poor self stripp'd & scorn'd
 Stands graciously adorn'd

11 p 9 cm 10
With beauty, praise and power,
A very princely dower!
And all shall feel the glow;
Cold friends shall live to know,
To feel as fiery coals,
Dropp'd on unloving souls.
The goodness from them cast
The old love from them pass'd -
Nay, living yet to bless
Through all ingratitude!
With constancy divine,
To pour a flood benign
Of benefits and grace
On the abashed face
Once coldly turned away.
From th' ever need of to-day!

ms!
O singing voice, how sweet!
O Comforter, discreet
Who know'st so apt a charm
To charm away the pain!
What freedom for their need -
Thou singing voice so sweet!

il ptoen 10
So small, scarce shalt thou feel
Thou pay'st it - : thou must kneel
And name me Lord. In dread
That thus another head
Thou own'st - but call thine own
These floods to thee shewn,
In dream or in desire
To such sole state aspire,
And lo, the debt's condoned,
My lordship thou hast own'd!
For I thyself would raise
And make thee thine own praise;
Serving thyself, thou serves me
So well our mutual claims agree!

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Proud for
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Repent

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He, then and I, and every man with sight -
Is free to all the can of heaven's good light;
But he nor thou nor any man may claim,
For his sole ends create, one single beam.
Even so ~~the~~ Truth. A flash on some man's soul
Shows such progressive purpose in the whole
Obtaining of his part; it seems as 'twere
On his need only this one Truth could bear.
Lo, quick reversed this order of the plan!
Not Truth for him, but for the Truth, the Man;
A candlestick to hold the light on high
That every man may see who passes by.

There was a man sent forth, charged with a word:
So intimate its searching, they who heard,
Trembling, beheld the ever long sedulous bird
Crawl forth alive, as waiting to be chid.
No secret - any longer might abide
In cowering breast; no cloak the shame to hide;
What must I do? the anguish'd cry of heart -
From its sole wretched shelter forc'd to part!
O word of healing! Dawn for fearsome night!
Repent and put away - wash & be white!

Not as Another journeying to and fro.
 For he and travel-worn, need this man
 To bear abroad his word. The hermit's sight
 In his own place by crowds his farm has brought.
 The city pours its floods: the hills unite
 And every village joins to swell the might
 Of the vehement-concourse. Hungry-eyed
 Upon his lips they hang, a swelling tide,
 A heaving sea subsiding at his word,
 As, child, with sighs and sobs tumultuous stir.

Ye children, unto you I write!

Not strong to overcome are ye,
Faithful to strive, nor wise to flee:-
But your weak coming was in light!
Ye see; though not your feeble thought
Can shape the knowledge light has brought:-
Yet ye have known the Father!

An older breast with pity swells
For babe in this rude world ~~perish~~
Of parent-love - all desolate left! -
Uncareful & at-ease he dwells -
He knows, yet knows not that he knows
A care that bears him as he goes:-
His eyes do see the Father!

And children, unto you I write!
Ah, not the shining of his face,
Nor enfolding of the Father's grace
Has kept you ^{firmly} wholly white!
Poor babes of sin! for strong is ill
And small your might & weak your will.
Yet keep ye by your Father!

For not on you the burden lies:
 A gracious cloud - a tender tear
 Is all ye know of hireling fear;
 Then ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{to} the kingdom for ye rise:
 Then while ye sin are ye forgiven
 For His Name's sake: so held in heaven
 Your angels see the Father.

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MOSES. A Study.

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A man of force & fire,
Of force that sin-score years abated not
Nor quenched the glowing fires of his eye:
No calm philosopher stranded serene
Beyond the flow and ebb of common feeling,
But simple, easily moved, among his fellows.
A hero-poet - mighty in words & deeds;
In presence, beautiful, nature's witness
To inner grace; mobile features that betrayed
The workings of the sensitive soul within.

Lector Resartus. Early

"The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Re-birth, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries." Page 23.

"What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Man-kind only, but all that Man-kind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-growth and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy seed, thy worth, into the ever living, ever working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die unnoticed to-day (says one); it will be found flourishing as a Bayan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years" Page 23.

"Clothes too, which began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become?

Increased security and pleasurable heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame (Scham, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-circled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave not

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individuality, distinctions, social polity.
 Clothes have made men of us, they are threaten-
 ing to make clothes-screens of us."

Page 24

"Man is a Tool-using Animal." Page 24!

"Again, Nothing can act but where it is:
 with all my heart; only, where is it?
 Be not the slave of words: is not the Distant,
 the Dead, while I love it and long for it,
 & mourn for it, Here in the genuine sense as
 truly as the floor I stand on? But that
 same Where, with its brother When, are
 from the first the master-colours of our
 'Dream-grotto; say rather, the Canvas (the warp
 and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams &
 Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless,
 has not a deeper meditation taught certain
 of every climate and age, that the Where
 & When, so mysteriously inseparable
 from all our thoughts, are but superficial
 terrestrial adhesions to thought. That the
 See may discern them when they mount
 up out of the celestial Everywhere & Forever:
 have not all nations conceived their God

il p 19 cm 10

as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a
universal Here, are everlasting Now? Think
well. Thou too wilt find that Space is but a
mode of our human sense, so likewise Time; there
is no Space and no Time: We are - we know not what
- light sparkles floating in the ether of deity! "

Page 32 & 33.

"Prejudice which he pretends to hate, is his
absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont every-
where leads him by the nose; thus let but a
Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the
world happen twice, and it ceases to be
marvellous, to be noteworthy, to be noticeable."

Page 34.

"To the eye of pure reason what is Man? A soul,
a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his
mysterious One, there lies, under all those
wool bags, a garment of Flesh (or of Senses)
contextured in the Loom of Time: whereby
he is revealed to his like, and sweet, with
them in Union and Division; and sees &
fashions in himself a Universe, with a great
starry Space, and long Thousands of Years.
Self hidden is he when that strange

Permeant, amid Sounds and Colours, and Forms,
as it were swathed-in, and inexpressibly over-
shrouded: yet it is ship-woven, and worthy
of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre
of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities?
He feels, power has been given him to know,
to believe, nay does not the Spirit of Love,
free in its celestial primeval brightness,
even here though but for moments look
through? (Well said St. Chrysostom),
with his lips of gold, "The true Godhead
is shown;" else where is the God's-Presence
manifested not to our eyes only, but to
our hearts, as in our fellow man?"

Page 37

"Shall you Science," exclaims he, "proceed
in the small chink-lighted, or even oil
lighted, underground workshop of Logic
alone; and man's mind become an
Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is
the Tappet and mere table of Lines
and Tangents, Godifications and Fealties

of what you call Political Economy as
 the Libal? And what is that Science
 which the Scientific head alone, were
 it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's
 in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin
 to keep it alive, could prosecute without
 shadow of a heart; - but one other of the
 mechanical and menial handicrafts, for
 which the Scientific Head, (having a soul
 in it) is too noble an organ? I mean
 that Thought without Reverence is
 barren, perhaps poisonous, at best;
 dies like cookery with the day that
 rolled it forth, does not live like living
 in successive tilth & wider & widening
 harvests bringing forth and plentiful
 increase to all time."

Page 40 & 41

"The man who cannot wonder, who does
 not habitually wonder, (and worship)

were the President of numerous numerous-
merable Royal Societies, and carried the
whole Mécanique Céleste and Hegel's Phi-
losophy, and the epitome of all Laboratories
and Observatories with their results, in his
single head, - is but a pair of Spectacles
behind which there is no Eye. Let
those who have eyes look through him,
then - he may be useful."

P.P. 41.

Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: "If I
take the wings of the morning, and look
in the uttermost parts of the universe,
God is there." Thou too, O cultivated
reader, who too probably art no Psalmist,
but a Prosaist, knowing God only by
tradition, knowest thou any corner of
the world where ^{at least} ~~God~~ is not? The
drop which thou shakest from thy wet
hand, rests not where it falls, but to-
morrow thou findest it swept away.

(already on the wings of the North-wind,
 it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How
 came it to evaporate, and not lie motion-
 less? Thinkest thou there is any-
 motionless; without Force, and utterly dead?
 P.P. 42

Detached, separated! I say there is no such
 separation: nothing hitherto was even stranded
 cast aside; but all, were it only a withered
 leaf, works together with all; is borne for-
 ward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of
 Action, and lives through ^{with} perpetual
 metamorphoses. The withered leaf is
 not dead and lost, there are Forces
 in it and around it, though working
 in inverse order; else how could it be?

Despise not the rag from which man
 makes Paper, or the little from which
 the Earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed
 no meanest object is insignificant.

objects are as windows, through which
the Philosophic eye looks into Infinitudes
itself." P. 4-3.

All visible things are emblems; what
show secret is not there on its own account;
strictly taken is not there at all: Matter
exists only spiritually, and to represent some
Idea, and body it forth. Hence Clothes,
as despicable as we think them, are so
unspeakably significant. Clothes, from
the King's mantle downwards, are
Emblematic, not of want only, but of a
manifold cunning victory over want.

On the other hand, all Emblematic
things are properly Clothes, thought-woven,
or hand-woven: must not the Imagi-
nation weave Garments, visible bodies,
wherein the else ^{invisible} creations
and inspirations of our Reason are,
like Spirits, revealed, and first become
all-powerful; the rather if, as we often
see, the ¹Hand ²aid ³her too, and by

11p25 cmc10
wool clothes or otherwise) reveal such
to the outward eye?

Men are properly said to be clothed
with Authority, clothed with Beauty,
with curses and the like. Nay, if
you consider it, what is man him-
self, and his whole terrestrial life,
but an Emblem; a Clothing or vi-
sible Garment for that Divine Self
his cast hither like a light-particle,
down from Heaven? This is he said
also to be clothed with a Body."

P.D. 43.

"In all the sports of Children, were
it only in their wanton breakages
and defacements, you shall discern
a creative instinct: the Mankind feels
that he is a born Man, that his
vocation is to work. The choicest
present you can make him is
a Tool: be it knife or pen-gum;

for construction or destruction; either way it is for work, for change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Coöperation, for war or peace, as governor, or governed: the little Maid again, provident of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to Dolls."

P. P. 56.

"In which habituation to Obedience, truth, it was beyond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein who will not bend must break: too early & too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for the most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall."

P. P. 60.

"Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable, (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a Spirit by mysterious contact of Spirits;

I slept. As one bends to waken
 A harp, so gave voice to my pain
 The Angel in ward: What ^{troubled} oppresseth thee.
 Thy boy's state, is't not all pain?
 Yea! ^{all my heart} ^{in this distress} ^{write me;}
 This heart ^{troubled} ⁱⁿ ^{to} long for the face:
 Yet at times, a pang, ^{moment} ^{is} to envy?
 Comes with the light-on his face.
 Thy ^{state} rest may scarce know the labour
 To win ^{any} thought of the Lord:
 Our faith ^{and} ^{that} ^{is} of ^{thy} ^{own} ^{work} wrought; yet there,
 'Believe they in Me' His word.
 I say, these simple, how search they
 The mystery of things unseen.
 By what wit can they know to trust Him
 Whose name, scarce lips they, sweep?
 Nay, Mother, thy heart makes answer
 Is there any in all the land
 So utterly trusts thee and worships
 So keeps himself in thine hand.

As the babe who not yet calls thee
 No knows any name for his joy?
 So rests and believes in the Master
 The simple soul of thy boy.
 Wherefore to him is revealed
 The love, the pure freedom & rest.
 The confidence quiet & unmoved
 Of them that lie in his breast.

Be no wiser than he, O Mother,
 Sit again at the feet of thy boy.
 Take as simply as he that is given;
 So, faith shall the win, in joy.

Lectures on Heroes. The Hero as Poet.

"Nevertheless you will" say, there must be a difference between true Poetry & true speech or poetic?; what is the difference? ~~between~~ On this point many things have been written especially by late German critics, some of which are not very intelligible at first. They say, for example, that the poet has an infinitude in him; communicates an Unendlichkeit, a certain character of infinitude to whatsoever he delineates. This though not very precise, yet on so vague a matter is worth remembering: if well meditated, some meaning will gradually be found in it.

For my own part, I find considerable meaning in the old vulgar distinction of Poetry being metrical,

having music in it being a song.
 Truly if pressed to give a definition
 one might say this, as soon as any-
 thing else. If your delineation be
 authentically musical musical
 not in word only, but in heart &
 substance, in all the thoughts &
 utterances of it; in the whole conception
 of it; then it will be poetical; if not.
 Musical: how much lies in
 that! A musical thought is one
 spoken by a mind, that has
 penetrated into the innermost heart
 of the thing, detected the innermost
 mystery of it, namely the melody
 that lies hidden in it, the in-
 ward harmony of coherence which is
 its soul, whereby it exists and
 has a right to be, here in this world.
 All innermost things we may say
 are melodious; naturally utter

himself in song. The meaning of
 song goes deep. Who is there, that in
 logical words, can express the ef-
 fect music has on us? A kind of
 unarticulate unfathomable speech,
 which leads us to the edge of the
 Infinite, and lets us for moments
 gaze into that! "Poetry, therefore,
 we will call musical thought.
 The Poet is he who thinks in that
 manner. At bottom, if there is
 still no power of intellect, it is
 a man's sincerity and depth of vision
 that makes him a poet. See deep
 enough, and you see musically; the
 heart of nature being everywhere music,
 if you can only reach it."

G. P. 246. 247.

"After all commentaries, the Book itself
 is what we know of him. (Dante) The Book;-
 and one might add that portrait

commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help thinking genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face: perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely, there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it, the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; — the significant of the whole history of Dante.

I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality, an altogether tragic heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection, as of a child, but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim, trenchant as from imprisonment of thick ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one;

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the lip is curled in a kind of ^{out} god-like
disdain of the thing that is eating his
heart. - as if it were withal a mean insigni-
ficant thing, as if he whom it had
power to torture and strangle were
greater than it. The face of one wholly
in protest, & lifelong unsundering
bills against the world. Affections are
converted into indignation: an implacable
indignation; slow & quable silent, like
that of a god! The eye too, it looks out
as in a kind of surprise, a kind of
inquiring, Why the world was of such a
sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this
'voice of ten silent centuries,' and
sings us 'his mystic unfathomable
Song." P.P. 249.

"Coleridge remarks very pertinently
somewhere, that wherever you find a
sentence musically worded, of true
rhythm, & melody in the words, there
is something deep and good in
its meaning. too. For body & soul,

words & ideas go strangely together here
 at everywhere. Long we said before it
 was the Heroic Speech! All old poems
 Homer's & the rest, are authentically Song.

I would say, in strictness, that all
 right Poems are, that whatever is
 not Song is properly no Poem, but
 a piece of prose cramped into jangling
 lines, - to the great injury of the grammar,
 to the great grief of the reader for most
 part! What we want to get at is the thought
 the man had, if he had any: why should
 he twist it into jingle, if he could speak
 it out plainly? It is only when the heart
 of him is rapt into true passion of me-
 lody, that the very tones of him, according
 to Coleridge's remark, become musical
 by the greatness & depth and music of
 his thoughts, that we can give him
 right to rhyme & sing; that we call
 him a Poet & listen to him as the
Heroic of Speakers, whose speech is Song.

Pretenders to this are many, & to an earnest reader, I doubt, it is for most part a very melancholy, not to say insupportable business: that of reading rhyme! Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed; - it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at. I would advise all men who can speak their thoughts, not to sing it; to understand that, in a serious time, among serious men, there is no vocation in them for singing it". P. P. 252 & 253.

Discipleship.

11p36 cmc10

What is God's will? - that I may go
And do it now, in hope
That light will rise & spread and flow
As deed enlarges scope.

There is no need to search the book
To know my duty clear;
Scarce in my heart I need to look,
It lies so very near.

I know one thing aside to say:
I'll watch my action's door,
One thing I'll go & do straightway
I did not do before.

Alas! these are such little deeds
No glory in their birth;
Grace doubts their common aspect breeds,
If God will count them worth.

But then I am not left to choose
He maketh such my lot;
And mightiest deeds much glory lose,
If small ones are forgot.

I am not worthy great things yet;
I'll humbly do my own;
Good & care of sheep may so beget
A fitness for the throne.

11p37cme 10
But ah! why should I reason thus
Ambition's very fool?
Through high and low each glorious
Shines God's all perfect rule.

'Tis God I need, not rank in gold;
'Tis life, not honour's meed;
Breathing his breath, in every mood
I am content indeed.

Will do: shall know: I feel the force
Completeness of the word;
His holy boldness held its course,
And claimed divine accord.

It may be I have never seen
The true face of the Man;
The named notion may have been
A likeness vague and wan;
Or bright with such unblended hues
As on his chamber wall
The humble peasant gladly views,
And Jesus Christ doth call.

The story lay with open page
Before my open eyes:
It never seemed the heritage
Of my waste childhood's cries.

1p38cm10
The tale I never sought to learn
With inward vision strong;
I have not tried to see the Man,
The many words among.

Some faces that would never please
With any sweet surprise,
Dawn, nevertheless, by slow degrees,
A very home of eyes.

And if I ponder, day by day,
O'er this dim-featured space,
The mist mayhap will melt away,
Disclose a human face.

A face! Yea even, exalting thought!
That face may dawn on me,
Which Moses on the mountain sought,
God would not let him see.

I read & read the ancient tale,
A gracious form I mark,
But dim & faint as wrapt in veil
Of Sinai's cloudy dark.

38 cmc10
ilp39 cmc10
I see a man, a very man,
Who walks the earth erect,
Nor stoops his noble head to one
From fear or false respect.

He seeks to climb no high estate,
Or lowly praise secure,
With high and low serenely great,
Because his ends are pure;

Nor walks alone beyond our reach,
Our joy and pain beyond;
He counts it joy divine to teach,
When human hearts respond;

And sorrow's night arose in him
From human souls that slept:

"How often, O Jerusalem!"

He said, and gazed, and wept.

Nor love's return for end he put;
His own love was his dower;
This joy it was his being's root,
That joy his being's flower.

11p40 emc10

Some hidden well flowed full of grace,
Within his spirit blest,
Reflecting still the Father's face,
Beheld from Mary's breast.

O Life of Jesus, the unseen,
Which found such glorious show!
Deeper than death, and more serene,
Such life I too must know.

Into that living well to gaze,
Greeting upon its brink,
Be my returning thought always—
To see what thou didst think.

I will be to find thy heart above—
Obedience deepest still,
Seeking not even thy Father's love,
Seeking alone his will.

Years, years have passed since thus I sought
To picture out the strife,
When death, in young & fearing thought,
Stood face to face with Life.

Sloth.

Why is it that 'mongst-all
 The sins that - did enthrall
 The Bible workers to a shameful fall,
 Sloth stands out first -
 The frame accurst
 Where every pestilent root of ill is nursed?
 Who falls must erst have stood,
 Have made his foothold good,
 Have risen and kept him up, as fall he could:
 He who lies prone,
 Making dull noon,
 May comfort him - for in him there is none:
 His sum of ill-deeds is leaving undone.
 Fall

More of the tale I tell not so—

One thing alone would say:
My heart is quiet with what I know,
With what I hope, is gay.

And where I cannot set my faith,
Unknowing or unwise,

I say "If this be what He saith,
Here hidden treasure lies."

Through years gone by since thus I strove,
Thus shadowed out my strife,
While at my history I wove,
Thou didst weave in the life.

Through poverty that had no lack,
For friends divinely good,
Through pain that not too long did rack,
Through love that understood.

Through light that taught me what to hold,
And what to cast away;
Through thy forgiveness manifold,
And things I cannot say.

11p43cm10
Here thou hast brought me - able now
To kiss thy garments here,
Entirely to thy will to bow,
And trust thee even for them

Who lost in darkness in the mire
With ill contented feet,
Walk trailing loose their white attire,
For the sapphire floor unmeets
Lord Jesus Christ, I know not how -
With this blue air, blue sea,
This yellow sand, that grassy brow
All isolating me -

My words to thee should yet draw near,
My thoughts be heard by thee;
But he who made the ear must hear,
Who made the eye, must see.

Thou madest the hand with which I write,
That sun descending slow
Through rosy gates, that purple light
On waves that shoreward go,

11p43cm10
"Thy will be done." -

Saviour! Thou wilt st. me poor, -
Haughty & rich am I;
In self-dependence rich,
Presuming, hard & high:
But looking thro' the coming years I see
Dark faults, sore failures. O to humble me -
Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:

And holy messengers
Oft have Thy presence left -
To bring me blessed tears:
Too soon the ^{spring} ^{is day}; & satisfied
This sterile heart wd dry & hard abide:
But I now will take my sin & shew it me
Till mourning, once again, I fly to Thee.
Thy will be done!

11p44cm10
How wouldst Thou have Thy child -
How little can I bear!
How seldom wait for Thee
All quiet ^{in my} ^{heart} Thy care!

11p45mc10
By much provoking teach me to endure
Through error make me of myself less sure.
Thy will be done!

A hungry thirsting one
Must Thy disciple be;
And I so full! grown fat
On Thy gifts leaving Thee!
But Thou wilt teach me want; wilt take away
All ^{meaner} common food, to be Thyself my stay.
Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art! -
O how hard judgments rise!
O this censorious tongue,
Evil discerning eyes!
Yet this sweet mercy will my King ^{impact}
If by no other way, get thro' the smart
Of pity withheld in my extremes.
Thy will be done!

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In this thro' Christ - is mine; tho' it must be
 by your all-potent power could for that
 they will be done!

Ruler by the Prince of Peace!

How far from this my state.

Not striving for my own -

Exacting harsh irate!

No peace ~~is~~ ^{only} there in this wide world for me
But only for when I am filled with thee
And make this empty room my most beloved home.

They will be done!

Yours & aside His time

For hath the King not sworn

That all these shall be mine.

And will not be perform!

If tender ways will serve, such will I choose -
But smile, if need be; I would not refuse.

They will be done!

Moses.

11p47cm10

"Mighty in words & deeds" - a name of dread
 To neighbouring lands. That Egypt's pride of power
 Had strong into resistance, - quickly quelled.
 A name, perchance, once potent as a spell
 To fire the bosoms of her warlike sons
 With dauntless courage and the generous zeal
 That glories in the dangers it must brave.
 His form rises, in close Egyptian garb
 That gives free play to all his muscular force
 And bids that native nobleness of men,
 An index to the forefront of the fight. -
 And not in war alone his might is felt;
 Who like him in the Council? Who, as he
 Could set forth in calm words, clear as the day,
 Strong as descending waters, the one course
 Consistent with the nation's probity?
 In all intricate questions of state-craft
 Sifting experiences of by gone years,
 Science of present, hopes of coming days,
 To prove that final triumph is with right. -
 Now, kindling with his subject, right and true,
 His countenance illumined from within
 His burning soul breaks forth in praises high
 Of him, the just and true - whose work is perfect.
 Who is the Rock - of nations, the sole strength. -
 While the rapt listeners, hanging on his words,
 Hold that the speaker is almost divine.

So fancy
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So fancy loves to fill in the faint sketch
 The story gives of Moses in the prime
 And fulness of his manhood. - Sees him first
 In court and camp, debate or public work -
 All that could give his energies free scope
 In the vast interests of that mighty realm:
 A hero, bearing on his front credentials
 That would have been to him in earlier days
 A call to kingship - pre-eminence o'er all.
 Nay, now, - all Pharaoh's hopes for Egypt's future,
 Do they not hang on Moses as her king?
 Else why so careful that the son of slaves
 Should claim descent from his own royal line?

Nor are materials wanting for a sketch
 Of his more personal, peculiar being
 His looks and way: - A man of fire and fire;
 Of force that six score years abated not
 Nor quenched the flushing fires of his eye.
 No calm philosopher stounded serene
 Above the flow and ebb of common feeling,
 But a most-human man; easy of access;
 Of keen perceptions, quick to feel the play
 Of feeling in another's soul; simple, too.
 These great sons of God are ever simple.
 In presence beautiful - Nature's witness
 To inner grace: - mobile features that betrayed
 The workings of the sensitive soul within.

A face discerning praise or sympathy
Might-quick suppose with modest, grateful glow,
Which story of another's nobleness
Would kindle into glories hardly human,
When personal slight could call up pain, not passion;
While mean and cruel injury to the weak
Would loose a torrent of tumultuous wrath
Wherein all sober elements must sink
And the whole man be hurried on, resistless.

Such the man summoned to an arduous work:
How his call came, we learn not; perhaps alone
As such calls still do sound to listening ears
In fitness, opportunity and means
For the appointed task. One thing is sure,
To evade was possible, how e'er it came,
For Heaven compels no service in its cause.
How plausible and easy such evasion!
What facile reasons would the temples show
To prove so extravagant an undertaking
Needless and useless; a folly - nay, a fault!
Canaan, what was Canaan? Land of famines
That ever and anon sent hungry sons
To Egypt to procure them sustenance:
If it had failed to feed a single household
How should it then sustain this mighty people?
Would they not fall on it as a swarm of locusts,
Devour its substance, then starve miserably?
Was Israel worth great risk and sacrifice?